Hey, Hey, Hillary!

Dean Friedman

I met my love hillary at the local distillery.She was leaning so languidly, on the window sillery.And I was glued to my seat as I gazed at her featHey, hey, hillary. hey, hey, hillary.My heart was hi-jacked. my lips were gobsmacked.Her hair was shimmering. my brain was simmering.Then my blood began to boil. my desire would not be foiled.Hey, hey, hillary. hey, hey, hillary.Hey, hey, hillary. hey, hey, hillary.Right then and there I made a vow.I'm gonna make her mine somehow.Hey, hey, hillary. hey, hey, hillary.My head was spinning like a top, as I offered her a cough drop.And as she placed it on her tongue,My stomach did a flip-flop.When I invited her to dance,That was the start of our romance.Hey, hey, hillary. hey, hey, hillary.And though she's got her share of quirks.Living with her has got it's perks.Hey, hey, hillary. hey, hey, hillary.Now we live the way we do, in our cozy little igloo.Feasting on corn flakes, marzipan and hot cakes.And when she leans against the sink, she's my saucy little sausage link.Hey, hey, hillary, hey, hey, hillary.And though it may sound strange to say.I thank my God everyday.Hey, hey, hillary. hey, hey, hillary.Hey, hey, hillary

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